



MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1914.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



## ADDENDUM.

The man who once most wisely said, "Be sure your're right, then go ahead. Might well have added this, to wit: "Be sure you're wrong before you quit."

Mrs. Frank Harting and little daughter, Jane, are visiting Mrs. William Harting and other relatives in Lexington.

## USED SUSPENDERS

To Hang Himself—Body of William Grigsby Found Hanging from a Tree Near Bethany.

William Grigsby, aged about 65 years disappeared from his boarding house, the home of John Andrew Bryant, Saturday night. Yesterday his body was found suspended from a tree, between the Bethany Church and the Bryant home.

He had used his suspenders to hang himself.

Deceased leaves our brother, Rabbit Grigsby and one sister, Mrs. R. Teager of Black Oak bottom.

Miss Lucy Gordon Quaintance of Forest avenue is the guest at Judge W. H. Rice's home in the county.

## OLD MAN DAD

Rolls Into Maysville and Prevents Daughter's Marriage.

Carlisle, Ky., July 17.—Leaving a note saying that she was to be married, Miss Sarah Frederick of this city left for Maysville to wed a young man of that city. Her father, John Frederick, learning she had gone, took the first train and arrived there in time to prevent the license being issued. Frederick brought his daughter home with him.

## MISS GARDNER HERE

Yesterday and Is Looking After the General Organization of Educational Work.

Miss Lydia E. Gardner, County School Superintendent of Nicholas County, was the guest of Miss Jessie O. Yancey yesterday. Miss Gardner is organizing the Trustees of the various counties, so they will be familiar with their work. With our increased per capita and the systematic organization of cities, towns and rural districts, Kentucky will surely forge to the front, and much of the advancement is due to such women as Miss Gardner.

## BUILD YOUR HOUSE NOW!

If you are contemplating building a home or a house for an investment, now is the time to place your order. We have the largest stock of all kinds of building material that can be found in Northeastern Kentucky and have large contracts with the timber men for still greater supply. We contracted this large supply at a price very near cost of production and we are in position to give you the advantage of this good purchase. Place your order now or let us give you an estimate on your requirements; you will then leave your order with Maysville's Foremost Lumber Yard.

**The Mason Lumber Co. Inc.**  
Cor. Second and Limestone Sts. Phone 519. MAYSVILLE, KY.  
A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.

CLOSING OUT  
EDISON HORN TYPE PHONOGRAPHS

\$21 Grade with 12 Records for \$15.

\$28 Grade with 12 Records for \$22.

Many other styles. See show window display.

## J. T. KACKLEY &amp; CO.

## DARING ATTEMPT AT STEALING CHICKENS.

Yesterday after dinner, when Mrs. W. W. Ball on East Second street went to feed her chickens she was somewhat surprised to see a well-dressed stranger reaching in the coop to take some of her springers.

The stranger took one glance, leaped see if he was pursued, and disappeared in the willows.

On one day this week their coop was relieved of several chickens and the person evidently seemed to know where to look for good chickens.

Mrs. Ball has removed her chickens to a safer place and will tie a bull dog under the coop.

## WARM GREETING AWAITS PASTOR STAHL

The Christian Church folks are looking forward to a big day tomorrow. Rev. R. E. Moss, a former minister will preach morning and night, and he is a brilliant and polished speaker who says things worth while.

The Bible School expects to have with them Brother Stahl, and all must come to give him a royal welcome. A teacher for each class rain or shine. Let us be thankful for the rain and attend some Bible School. If you have none come here, won't you?

## WALL PAPER!

Now is the time to do your wall papering and painting. Come in. We can show you just what you need. We have a full line of Wall Papers, Paints, Enamels, Etc. See our line before buying.

**CRANE & SHAFER,**  
PHONE 452. COX BUILDING.

## CHURCH NOTES.

Washington Presbyterian Church.  
Regular services Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. Everybody is cordially invited. Come!

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.  
Preaching in the morning;  
No services at night.  
Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.  
All cordially invited to all services.  
J. BARBOUR, Pastor.

Second M. E. Church South.  
Preaching at 10:45.  
Sunday School at 9:30. James Dawson, Supt.  
Epworth League at 6:15.  
J. W. SIMPSON, Pastor.

First M. E. Church South.  
Preaching by the pastor at 10:45 o'clock. The congregation will unite in Union services at the Central Presbyterian Church at night.  
M. S. CLARK, Pastor.

St. Patrick Church.  
The summer schedule of services at St. Patrick Church is as follows:  
First Mass—8 a. m.  
Sunday School immediately follows this service.  
Second Mass—9 a. m.

The Church of Nativity.  
Services at 11:15 by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Fielding.  
Sunday School at 9:30. Supt. Allen D. Cole.  
Congregation joins in union services at the Third Street M. E. Church in the evening.

Forest Avenue M. E. Church  
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. G. N. Harding, Supt.  
Preaching by the pastor at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.  
Morning subject—"The Pounds"; evening subject—"I Thirst."  
Services at Stewart's Chapel at 2:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.  
A. F. FELTS, Pastor.

Central Presbyterian Church.  
Sunday School 9:30 a. m. J. B. Wood, Supt.  
Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Union services at 7:30 p. m. at the Third Street Methodist Church.  
Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.  
Prayermeeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.  
Good music. Everybody cordially invited.  
R. L. BENN, Pastor.

Third Street M. E. Church  
Tomorrow's services will be the last until after Ruggles Campmeeting which begins next Thursday and to which the larger part of the membership goes. The pastor will preach at 10:45 a. m. tomorrow, and at 7:30 the union service will be held in this church with Rev. J. H. Fielding of the Episcopal Church as the preacher.  
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. The Sunday School will continue just the same during the campmeeting. The names of those who will superintend and teach in the place of the regular officers and teachers will be announced in the morning. Let everyone come to Sunday

## Wall paper, rugs and paint at HEN-DRICKSON'S.

Harry M. Dryden of East Second St. is rusticiating on his farm back of Aberdeen, Ohio.

## CHARLESTON WINNER 4 TO 3 IN TEN INNINGS.

Charleston, W. Va., July 17.—Maysville's Charleston to an extra inning game today. Leake's double and Applegate's single scoring the winning run on the locals in the tenth. A foul severely injured Young and he was taken to a hospital. Score by innings:  
Innings . . . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
Maysville . . . 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0—3  
Charleston . . . 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—4  
Summary: Two-base hits—Bittle, Montgomery, Emery, Leake. Double play—Bresnahan to Keating to Leake. Struck out—By Applegate, 7; by Brown, 3. Bases on balls—Off Applegate, 3; off Brown, 1. Wild pitches—Brown, 2. Sacrifice hits—Curtis, Nutter, Bresnahan, Beers, Keating. Stolen base—Beers. Time of game—1:45. Umpire—Jacobs.

## OUR LINE OF HOME GROWN VEGETABLES

is fresh every day.  
Call and see our line or phone us. We carry a good selection of the best.

## DINGER BROS.,

Leading Retailers  
107 W. Second St

## BLUE LODGE F. &amp; A. M. MASONS ENJOY A GOOD TIME.

Blue Lodge No. 52 last night upon a call meeting, did work in the apprentice and fellow craft degrees. Messrs. Frank Hauke and James Whitaker took the apprentice degree and Messrs. R. L. Manwaring and C. E. Nauman the fellow-craft degree.

After the work the lodge enjoyed a banquet and some speeches.

Constable James McNamara returned today after a two weeks' outing in the Dexter neighborhood.

## HUERTA AT PUERTO MEXICO

Puerto Mexico, July 17.—General Victoriano Huerta, who recently resigned as president of Mexico, arrived here at nine o'clock tonight. He was accompanied by General Blanquet, his minister of war.

## LILLIAN RUSSELL

says that it's a crime for a woman to grow old and haggard looking.

## A. D. S. PEROXIDE CREAM

will stop you from committing a crime. Nuff Sed.

## NOTICE!

We are agents for the Model Laundry and would like for you to give us your laundry.

**M. F. WILLIAMS & CO.** THE THIRD STREET DRUGSTORE.

## D. HECHINCER &amp; CO.

Maysville's Best Clothing and Shoe Store.

To close out the balance of our linen suits we have reduced the price to \$5. To close out our straw hats we cut the price in half. \$10 Palm Beach Suits \$7.50, \$8.50. White Duck Trousers reduced to \$1.50. A limited number of \$20 White Serge Suits reduced to \$12.50, positively less than cost.

Every \$25 to \$30 Spring Suit reduced to \$20.  
Every \$20 to \$22.50 Spring Suit reduced to \$15.  
Every \$18.50 to \$18 Spring Suit reduced to \$12.50.  
Every \$15 Spring Suit reduced to \$10.  
Every \$10 Suit in the house reduced to \$7.50.

All of these prices mean cash when the goods are taken out of the Store. Auto on the 29th. Pay account and get tickets.

## D. HECHINCER &amp; CO.

## DEATH OF HENRY MISLER, AGED 92.

Henry Misler, 92 years old, the oldest person in Mason County, died at his home near Minerva, this county, Wednesday after a brief illness. He was shown movie ever seen here. Anita Stewart in the leading role was starring in her acting, while the shipwreck scene had every feature of realism.

## A WONDERFUL MOVIE

"A Million Bid," shown at the Gem last night drew immense audiences. It is the most wonderfully and perfectly shown movie ever seen here. Anita Stewart in the leading role was starring in her acting, while the shipwreck scene had every feature of realism.

Mrs. Mattie Lee Mannen, Mrs. Darwin Stapp and daughter, Miss Stapp, and son, Darwin Lee, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. Fritz Cochran of Houston, Tex., who are guests of Mrs. Mattie Bruce Morris, of Greenup street, were at Fort Mitchell Thursday night, where they enjoyed meeting their old friends. —Covington news in Times-Star.

## John Deere's Self-Dump Sulky Rake

The First Consideration Has Been Simplicity and Durability!

## DURABLE

Axle studs are 1 1/4 inches in diameter, and are reversible and interchangeable, which doubles their life.

Dump rods are of high carbon steel, 3/4 of an inch in diameter. They have four times the durability of the ordinary dump rod, as they are reversible individually, interchangeable and again reversible.

## SIMPLICITY

We can rightfully boast that our rake has fewer parts than any rake on the market. Simplicity of construction and proper material, systematically and symmetrically distributed, mean much to users.

## MIKE BROWN,

THE  
SQUARE DEAL MAN.

Miss Lillian and Miss Grace Wilkerson of Hyde Park, Ohio, are the guests of Miss Bessie Wallingford on East Second street.

Mrs. G. W. Royse and family of Walnut street are the guests of Mrs. Royse's mother, Mrs. S. S. Lawrence at Plummers Landing.

Robert Ficklin Harover and S. R. Harover, Jr., sons of Dr. and Mrs. S. R. Harover of Plum street, are spending the summer with their grandmother, Mrs. Robert Ficklin, at Big Bone Springs, in Boone County.

## TRIUMPH FOR WILSON

London Press Comments Upon Resignation of Huerta.

London.—Gen. Huerta's resignation of the provisional presidency of Mexico is regarded as a victory for President Wilson's policy and is welcomed by the British public and in official circles here as a possible solution of the Mexican problem. A peaceful end of the complex situation is greatly desired here on account of the large British financial interests in the country.

Most of the London newspapers, however, express doubt as to whether conditions will be better under Venustiano Carranza than when Gen. Huerta was in power in Mexico City.

The Pall Mall Gazette points out that if Francisco Carbajal, the new Provisional President, surrenders to Gen. Carranza, as he is expected to do, "it may soon be possible to exact reparation from Gen. Villa for the murder at the hands of William S. Benton, the Scottish rancher."

The Evening Standard says: "The Washington Administration has won a diplomatic victory. President Wilson has been persistent and patient in his policy of nonrecognition of Gen. Huerta, but it is likely enough he will be met now by other obstacles just as hard to surmount as was Gen. Huerta's obstinacy."

## A RARE BARGAIN

We have secured a lot of  
**EXTRA FANCY APRICOTS**

While they last Only 10c a can.

Phone 43.

GEISBL & CONRAD

## See These \$1 Silks Now 50c

For dust coats, negligees, bathing suits, dresses, shirts and shirtwaists you can find nothing to equal these handsome Pongee Silks we are offering at Half Price. Tan, reseda, duck blue and wistaria. These soft silks are admirably adapted to the season's styles, their serviceable quality still further commends them, while the deep price cut makes it possible to secure a

**\$1 Silk for 50c**

## White Blouses

Every woman wants to wear white these hot days, so why not see these new blouses fashioned from the sheerest organdy, voile, and crepe. This is our sixth shipment in five weeks. Countless different styles and the smartest blouses you ever saw for

**\$1.25**

1852

HUNT'S

1914

School tomorrow and if you cannot attend campmeeting be sure to go to Sunday School the next two Sundays.  
Epworth League devotional service at 6:45 p. m., the pastor leading. The new topic cards for the next six months have arrived and will be distributed

at the League service. Be sure to get this program of services for the coming months.

A cordial invitation is extended to every one to attend all these services.  
J. M. LITERAL, Pastor.

Mrs. Mary E. Dawn of Flemingsburg is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. L. Manwaring.

Mrs. Jacob Wormald of Newport is the guest of Miss Lula Helmer of West Second street.

Miss Ruth Thomas is visiting her cousin, Miss Anna Strode Wood, near Russellville, Ohio.

Mrs. W. A. Dudley of Flemingsburg, spent Thursday here the guest of Mrs. Mary Quaintance of Forest avenue.

## This Is the Store Where High Goods Go Low

Corset Covers 25c.

Matting Rugs 25c.

Men's Athletic Union Suits 45c.

Ladies' Lisle Vests 2 for 25c.

Bungalow Aprons 39c.

Dress Gingham 8 1/3c.

House Dresses 98c.

Ladies' Gowns 49c.

Ratine Skirts \$1.98.

Panama Hats \$1.98.

Men's and Ladies' Oxfords \$1 pa

**MERRILL**



# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Hollow of Her Hand.

When Booth called in the afternoon at Sara's apartment, he was met by the news that she was quite ill and could see no one—not even him. The doctor had been summoned during the night and had returned in the morning to find that she had a very high temperature. The butler could not enlighten Booth further than this, except to add that a nurse was coming in to take charge of Mrs. Wrاندall, more for the purpose of watching her symptoms than for anything else, he believed. At least, so the doctor had said.

Two days passed before the distressed young man could get any definite news concerning her condition. He unconsciously began to think of it as a malady, not a mere illness, due of course to a remark Carroll had dropped when Sara had told him the whole truth of the tragedy and of her own vindictive plans. It was Carroll himself who gave a definite report of Sara. He met the lawyer coming away from the apartment when he called to inquire.

"She isn't out of her head, or anything like that," said Carroll uneasily, "but she's in a bad way, Booth. I'll tell you what I think is troubling her more than anything else. Down in her heart she realizes that Hetty Castleton has got to be brought face to face with the Wrاندalls."

"The deuce you say?" "Today I saw her for the first time. Almost immediately she asked me if I thought the Wrاندalls would treat Hetty fairly if they ever found out the truth about her. I said I thought they would. I didn't have the heart to tell her that her grievance undoubtedly would be shifted from Hetty to her, and that they wouldn't be likely to forgive her for the stand she'd taken. She doesn't seem to care, however, what the Wrاندalls think of her. By the way, have you any influence over Hetty Castleton?"

"I wish I were sure that I had," said Booth.

"Do you think she would come if you sent her a cablegram?" "I am going over—" "She will have your letter in a couple of days, according to Sara, who seems to have a very faithful correspondent in the person of that maid. I shudder to think of the cable tolls in the past few months! I sometimes wonder if the maid suspects anything more than a loving interest in Miss Castleton. What I was about to suggest is this: Couldn't you cable her on Friday saying that Sara is very ill? This is Tuesday."

"I will cable, of course, but Sara must not know that I've done it."

"Can you come to my office tomorrow afternoon?" "Yes. Tomorrow night I shall go over to Philadelphia to be gone till Friday. I hope it will not be necessary for me to stay longer. You never can tell about these operations."

"I trust everything will go well, Randolph." "A number of things of note transpired on Friday. The Wrاندalls arrived from Europe, without the recalcitrant colonel. Mr. Wrاندall, who met them at the dock, heaved a sigh of relief. "He will be over on the Lusitania," said Leslie, who for no reason best known to himself was a troubled look.

"Mr. Wrاندall's face fell. 'I hope so,' he said, much to the indignation of the butler."

"Will you please step into the drawing-room, Miss Wrاندall," said Watson, returning. He led her across the small foyer and threw open a door. She passed into the room beyond.

Then he turned to the boy who stood beside the hall seat, making change for a quarter as he approached. "Here," he said, handing him the receipt book and a dime, "that's for you." He dropped the quarter into his own pocket, where it mingled with coins that were strangers to it up to that instant, and imperiously closed the door behind the boy who failed to say "thank you." Every man to his trade!

There was a woman in the drawing-room when Vivian entered, standing well over against the windows with her back to the light. The visitor stopped short in surprise. She had expected to find her sister-in-law in bed, attended by a politely superior person in pure white.

"Why, Sara, you are up and—?" "The other woman came forward. 'But I am not Sara, Miss Wrاندall,' she said, in a well-remembered voice. 'How do you do?'"

Vivian found herself looking into the face of Hetty Castleton. Instantly she extended her hand. "This is a surprise!" she exclaimed. "When did you return? Leslie told me your plans were quite settled when he saw you in Lucerne. Oh, I see! Of course! How stupid of me. Sara sent for you."

"She has been quite ill," said Hetty, non-committally. "We got in yesterday. I thought my place was here, naturally."

"Naturally," repeated Vivian, in a detached sort of way. "How is she today? May I see her?"

"By the way, my dear," he said to his wife, a trifle irrelevantly, "don't you think it would be right for you and Vivian to drop in this afternoon and see Sara? Just to let her know that she isn't without—"

"It's out of the question, Redmond," said his wife, a shocked expression in her face as much as to say that he must be quite out of his head to suggest such a thing. "We shall be dreadfully busy for several days, unpacking and—well, doing all sorts of necessary things."

"She is pretty sick, I hear," mumbled he.

"Hasn't she got a nurse?" demanded his wife.

"I merely offered the suggestion in order—" "Well, we'll see her next week. Any other news?"

"Mrs. Booth, Brandon's mother, was operated on for something or other day before yesterday."

"Oh, dear! The poor thing! Where?" "Philadelphia, of course."

"I wonder if—let me see, Leslie, isn't there a good train to Philadelphia at four o'clock? I could go—"

"Really, my dear," said her husband sharply.

"You forget how busy we are, mother," said Vivian, without a smile.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Wrاندall, in considerable confusion. "Was it a serious operation, Redmond?"

"They cut a bone out of her nose, that's all. Brandon says her heart is weak. They were afraid of the ether. She's all right, Carroll says."

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Wrاندall. One might have suspected a note of disappointment in her voice.

"I shall go up to see Sara this afternoon," said Vivian calmly. "What's the number of her new apartment?"

"You have been up to see her, of course," said Mrs. Wrاندall acidly.

He fidgeted. "I didn't hear of her illness until yesterday."

"I'll go up with you, Viv," said Leslie.

"No, you won't," said his sister flatly. "I'm going to apologize to her for something I said to Brandon Booth. You needn't tag along, Les."

At half-past five in the afternoon, the Wrاندall limousine stopped in front of the tall apartment building near the park, a footman jerked open the door, and Miss Wrاندall stepped out. At the same moment a telegraph messenger boy paused on the sidewalk, numbing the artistic but puzzling, numerals on the imposing grilles of the building.

Miss Wrاندall had herself announced by the obsequious doorman, and stood by in patience to wait for the absurd rule of the house to be carried out: "No one could get in without being announced from below."

"I can get in all right, all right," said the messenger boy, "I got a telegram for a lady."

"Go to the rear!" exclaimed the doorman, with some energy.

While Miss Wrاندall waited in Sara's reception hall on the tenth floor, the messenger, having traversed a more devious route, arrived with his message.

Watson took the envelope and told him to wait. Five minutes passed. Miss Wrاندall grew very uncomfortable under the persistent though complimentary gaze of the street urchin.

He stared at her, wide-eyed and admiring, his tribute to the glorious. She stared back occasionally, narrow-eyed and reproving, her tribute to the grotesque.

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Then he turned to the boy who stood beside the hall seat, making change for a quarter as he approached. "Here," he said, handing him the receipt book and a dime, "that's for you." He dropped the quarter into his own pocket, where it mingled with coins that were strangers to it up to that instant, and imperiously closed the door behind the boy who failed to say "thank you." Every man to his trade!

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"Naturally," repeated Vivian, in a detached sort of way. "How is she today? May I see her?"

"She is very much better. In fact, she is sitting up in her room. A warm flush suffused her face, a shy smile appeared in her eyes. 'She is receiving two gentlemen visitors, to be perfectly honest, Miss Wrاندall, her lawyer, Mr. Carroll, and—Mr. Booth.'"

They were seated side by side on the uncomfortable Louis Seize divan in the middle of the room.

"Perhaps she won't care to see me, after an audience so fatiguing," said Miss Wrاندall sweetly. "And so exasperating," she added, with a smile. Hetty looked her perplexity.

"But she will see you, Miss Wrاندall—if you don't mind waiting. It is a business conference they're having."

An ironic gleam appeared in the corner of Vivian's eye. "Oh," she said, and waited. Hetty smiled uncertainly. All at once the tall American girl was impressed by the wistful, almost humble look in the Englishwoman's eyes, an appealing look that caused her to wonder not a little. Like a flash she jumped at an obvious conclusion, and almost caught her breath. This girl loved Booth and was losing him! Vivian exulted for a moment and then, with an impulse she could not quite catalogue, laid her hand on the other's slim fingers, and murmured somewhat hazily: "Never mind, never mind!"

"Oh, you must wait," cried Hetty, not at all in touch with the other's mood. "Sara expects to see you. The men will be out in a few minutes."

"I think I will run in tomorrow morning," said Vivian hastily. She arose almost immediately and again

The meeting between Sara and Hetty was affecting. . . . Almost immediately the former began to show the most singular signs of improvement. She laughed and cried and joyously announced to the protesting nurse that she was feeling quite well again! And, in truth, she got up from the couch on which she reclined and insisted on being dressed for dinner.

In another room the amazed nurse was frantically appealing to Mr. Carroll to let her send for the doctor, only to be confounded by his urbane announcement that Mrs. Wrاندall was as "right as a string" and, please God, she wouldn't need the services of doctor or nurse again for years to come. Then he asked the nurse if she had ever heard of a disease called "nostalgia."

She said she had heard of "homesickness."

"Well, that's what ailed Mrs. Wrاندall," he said. "Miss Castleton is the cure."

Booth came the next morning. . . . Even as she lay passive in his arms, Hetty denied him. Her arms were around his neck as she miserably whispered that she could not, would not be his wife, notwithstanding her love for him and his readiness to accept her as she was. She was obstinate, lovingly, tenderly obstinate. He would have despaired but for Sara, to whom he afterwards appealed.

"Wait," was all that Sara had said, but he took heart. He was beginning to look upon her as a sorceress. A week ago he had felt sorry for her; his heart had been touched by her transparent misery. Today he saw her in another light altogether; as the determined, resourceful, calculating woman who, having failed to attain a certain end, was now intensely keenly interested in the development of another of a totally different nature. He could not feel sorry for her today.

Hetty deliberately had placed herself in their hands, withdrawing from the conference shortly before Vivian's arrival to give herself over to gloomy conjectures as to the future, not only for herself, but for the man she loved and the woman she worshipped with something of the fidelity of a beaten dog.

At a later conference participated in by Sara, Booth and Mr. Carroll, the old lawyer spoke plainly.

"Now are you both willing to give serious consideration to the plan I propose? Take time to think it over. No harm will come to Miss Castleton. I am confident. There will be a nine days' sensation, but, after all, it is the best thing for everybody. You propose living abroad, Booth, so what are the odds if—"

"I can't live abroad unless Hetty reconsiders her decision to not marry me," said the young man dimly.

"Gad, Sara, you must convince her that I love her better than—"

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"Gad, Sara, you must convince her that I love her better than—"

"I think she knows all that, Brandon. As I said before, wait! And now, Mr. Carroll, I have this to say to your suggestion: I for one am relentlessly opposed to the plan you advocate. There is no occasion for this matter to go to the public. A trial, you say, would be a mere formality. I am not so sure of that. Why put poor Hetty's head in the lion's mouth at this late stage, after I have protected her so carefully all these months? Why, take the risk? We know she is innocent. Isn't it enough that we acquit her in our hearts? No, I cannot consent, and I hold both of you to your promises."

"There is nothing more I can say, my dear Sara," said Carroll, shaking his head gloomily, "except to urge you to think it over very seriously. Remember, it may mean a great deal to her—and to our eager young friend here, Yvonne from now, like a bolt from the sky, the truth may come out in some way. Think of what it would mean then."

Sara regarded him steadily. "There are but four people who know the truth," she said slowly. "It isn't likely that Hetty or Brandon will tell the story. Professional honor forbids your doing so. That leaves me as the sole peril. Is that what you would imply, my dear friend?"

"Not at all," he cried hastily, "not at all."

"That's all tommy-rot, Sara," cried Booth earnestly. "We just couldn't have anything to fear from you."

With curious inconsistency, she shook her head and remarked: "Of course, you never could be quite easy in your minds. There would always be the feeling of unrest. Am I to be trusted, after all? I have proved myself to be a vindictive schemer. What assurance can you and Hetty have that I will not turn against one or the other of you some time and crush you to satisfy a personal grievance? How do you know, Brandon, that I am not in love with you at this very—"

"Good heavens, Sara!" he cried, again.

"—at this very moment?" she continued. "It would not be so very strange, would it? I am very human. The power to love is not denied me. Oh, I am merely philosophizing. Don't look so serious. We will suppose that I continued along my career as the woman scorned. You have seen how I smart under the lash. Well?"

"But all that is impossible," said Booth, his face clearing. "You're not in love with me, and never can be. That's for your philosophy!"

At the same instant he became aware of the singular gleam in her eyes; a liquid, oriental glow that seemed to reflect light on her lower lids as she sat there with her face in the shadow. Once or twice before he had been conscious of the mysterious, seductive appeal. He stared back at her, almost defensively, but her gaze did not waver. It was he who first looked away, curiously uncomfortable.

"Still," she said slowly, "I think you would be wise to consider all possible contingencies."

"I'll take chances, Sara," he said, with an odd buoyancy in his voice that, for the life of him, he could not explain, even to himself.

"Even admitting that such should turn out to be the case," said Mr. Carroll judiciously, "I don't believe you'd go so far as to put your loyal friends in jeopardy, Sara. So we will dismiss the thought. Don't forget, however, that you hold them in the hollow of your hand. My original contention was based on the time-honored saying, 'murder will out.' We never can tell what may turn up. The best laid plans of men and mice oft—"

Sara settled back among the cushions with a peremptory wave of her hand, revealing her white, exquisitely modeled arm almost to the shoulder. For some strange, unaccountable reason Booth's eyes fell.

"I am tired, wretchedly tired. It has been a most exhausting day," she said, with a sudden note of weariness in her voice. Both men started up apologetically. "I will think seriously of your plan, Mr. Carroll. There is no hurry, I'm sure. Please send Miss Wrاندall in to me, will you? Perhaps you would better tell Hetty to come in as soon as Vivian leaves. Come back tomorrow afternoon, Brandon. I shall be much more cheerful. By the way, have you noticed that Dicky, who in the library, has been singing all afternoon as if his little throat would split? It is very curious, but today is the first time he has uttered a note in nearly five months. Just listen to him! He is fairly riotous with song."

Booth leaned over and kissed the hand she lifted to him. "He is like the rest of us, Sara, inordinately happy. A slight shiver ran through her arm. He felt it."

"I am so afraid his exuberance of spirit may annoy Vivian," said she, with a rare smile. "She detests vulgarity."

The men departed. She lay back in the chaise-lounge, her eyes fixed on the hand he had touched with his lips. Watson tapped twice on the door.

"Miss Wrاندall could not wait, ma'am," he said, opening the door softly. "She will call again tomorrow."

"Thank you, Watson. Will you hand me the cigarettes?"

Watson hesitated. "The cigarettes, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"But the doctor's orders, ma'am, begging your pardon for—"

"I have a new doctor, Watson."

"I beg pardon, ma'am?"

"The celebrated Doctor Folly," she said lightly.

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# Part II of the FOREST

RANDALL PARRISH  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harmer, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmer, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmer's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auway, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmer to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wap-tah-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot, and a violinist among the Indians. She has been in search of her father, who she believes is among the Wyandots. Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north, accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut, who proves to be Raoul D'Auway, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wap-tah-tah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They find escape from the island out of the accomplices around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and leaves him for dead after a desperate fight. The Indians capture the cabin after a hard struggle in which Hayward is wounded. Rene saves Hayward from death at the hands of the savages and conceals him in the cellar of the cabin. Hayward discovers a half breed negro in the cellar. They engage in a fierce fight which ends when the negro accidentally butts his brains out against the low roof of the cellar. Hayward meets his double, Joseph Hayward of the British army. The latter admits that he had held D'Auway a prisoner in the cabin, but that he knew nothing about his death. His object in detaining D'Auway was to help incite the Wyandots to war. The British declares that D'Auway was murdered by the negro, out of vengeance.

## CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Her eyes wandered from me, whom she located by voice, toward the Englishman, who remained silent, his scarlet coat conspicuous in the glare. A moment her glances met, his face showing white and drawn, hers I could not see.

"Oh, no it is you, is it?" a metallic ring to the low voice. "I thought you



"Please Stand Back, Monsieur; This Is My Affair."

were safely away before this. And you have been hiding here. I ought to have suspected that. Now I remember, you knew of the tunnel."

He did not answer, although I saw his lips move. What was the man afraid of? He had been sharp and snappy enough with me.

"I think you mistake, mademoiselle," I interposed, shocked at the expression of the man's face. "He has told me how it occurred; it was another who killed your father."

"What other?"

"A negro half-breed; I encountered him in the passage; we fought it out there in the dark."

"Alone? Where was this—this man?"

"He was lying unconscious beyond, next to the entrance."

"And—and," the words trembled on her lips, "you—killed the negro?"

"No, mademoiselle, I did not. We struggled together; then he fired at me, and in the flash saw my face. The sight seemed to frighten the man, for he broke away, and endeavored to run. In his haste he forgot the low

ness of the tunnel, struck his head against a sharp projection, and died."

She stood motionless, her hands pressed to her forehead. Suddenly she turned from me, and faced him.

"Who was it?" she asked at last, her voice like ice. "Tell me the truth—was it Picard?"

He dropped his eyes, with an odd gesture of the shoulders. The girl's rifle flashed to a level, so quickly I could not even throw out my arm.

"Say yes, or no! Please stand back, monsieur; this is my affair."

"Yes," the word seemed dragged from him.

"And you told monsieur here the negro killed my father? You said that?"

His lips moved, but no sound came forth from them. She waited a breathless moment.

"That was a lie! You would not dare repeat that to me," she burst forth passionately, her whole body trembling. "You thought you could tell him, and he would believe you; would pity you, and let you go. You did not dream that I was here—I, Rene D'Auway, monsieur—to face you. You are afraid of me; yes you are—it is in your eyes. You think me an Indian?"

That I will avenge myself? Is that what you fear?"

He muttered something in Indian dialect I could not understand.

"You say that to me! You dare say that! You are a bold man to try and threaten me now. Ay, do it then—monseigneur," and she stepped aside facing me, "this brute of an Englishman claims to be my husband."

"What," I exclaimed in shocked surprise. "He told me he attempted to make love to you, but failed, yet hinted that marriage might have been possible."

"He did venture that far. Then, monsieur, I will tell you the truth. He won my father to him—God alone knows how—and persuaded me to go through the tribal ceremony. To me, a Christian and a French woman, that mockery of form means no more than to him. It was the price I paid for peace."

"But the Wyandots?"

"In their eyes I am this man's squaw," her voice trembling with scorn, her hand pointing at him. "But in the eyes of God, I am not. His hand has never touched me—never will. Monsieur, I had to tell you."

"And I am glad you did. It is better for me to know."

"Oh, I begin to see," broke in the prisoner, finding his voice. "It is not my appearance that you object to, mademoiselle, only you prefer the Yankee edition."

I strode forward threateningly.

"You low-lived coward!"

"No, monsieur, let him talk," and she caught my arm. "We have no time now for a personal quarrel. We must save a man's life."

"His?"

"Monsieur Brady's. There is but one way. 'Tis for his sake, the endeavor to save him from torture, that I was so long in coming here. I did all that was in my power, but those Indians are not of my tribe. They might listen to me, but for the Englishman who leads them. He is heartless, more cruel than any savage; moreover Brady struck him, and he suspects me of aiding you to escape. There is no mercy in him, and I have failed. They mean to burn him at the stake, and I could do no more."

"Where are they now?" I asked in horror.

"Yonder, on the mainland. I could not remain to witness the scene—I could not, monsieur. I was under guard, but stole away in the darkness, and came here, praying I might find you waiting. Now I know God has answered my prayers. He has shown me the way."

She turned from me, her eyes on his face.

"Are you any relative to Monsieur whom you resemble so much?"

He laughed unpleasantly.

"Lord, I hope not—if so the connection is too remote to be considered. I have no desire to claim any Yankee cousins. Why?"

"The reason is not material. I want you to hear me. I do not know you killed my father, but I suspect it, and am certain you lured him to his death. If it was Picard's hand that did the deed, it was done at your desire. I would be justified as a Wyandot in killing you—even this American would grant me the right—but I am going to spare you, Monsieur—on one condition."

"What?" The very sound of his voice proved his realization of her seriousness.

"That you accompany me to the Indian camp yonder, and help me save that white man's life."

"What do I care?"

"You care for your own, no doubt. Well, monsieur, it hangs by a hair. Only on such a pledge will you go forth from here alive."

"You threaten to kill me?"

"It is hardly a threat—it is a certainty, monsieur."

"Tell me the plan then," he said roughly.

"I can control the Indians," she went on, "if the Englishman does not interfere. It will be your part to command him."

"Who is the fellow?"

"The fur trader—Lappin."

He stared into her face; then laughed insolently.

"Then the game is up. By the gods, it would be more likely he burned me. You make sport to suggest I could influence that monster."

"I do not," her face changeless in its expression. "There is nothing for you to laugh at. I know you two are enemies, but he dare not ignore your uniform. He has no authority and you

begin howling lustily to accompany him.

"Unable to quiet his screams, I, too, was forced to go, necessitating a second pause in the service."

"Then it occurred to our guest that he had locked the house and retained the key. The doctor would be unable to get either his case or his instruments. To save delay he thought best to take the key at once, so he hastened from the church, while there was a third pause on the minister's part."

"When we reached home doctor was swinging idly in the hammock."

"Why! Why!" exclaimed the unsophisticated cousin, "didn't you have a hurry call to an accident case or something?"

"Oh, no," yawned the M. D., "just my old Swedish patient in New Gotland phoned to know if he could have a little sugar in his coffee!"—Kansas City Star.

## NOT REALLY A SERIOUS CASE

Hurry Call Brought Physician and Family Out of Church, but It Was Soon Fixed Up.

This story is told by a country doctor's wife to illustrate some of the trials and uncertainties of the profession.

"We had gotten pretty much out of the way of attending church when our children were small, but a visiting cousin, wishing to attend service in the West, we ventured out, baby and all. Scarcely had the text been announced when a messenger boy from the telephone office rushed in in search of the doctor."

"The minister paused in his discourse to allow them to pass out of the church. Realizing that his father was leaving him behind, the baby, always partial to the head of the house,



have. You can accomplish the rescue of this prisoner if you have the courage, and will. There is only one thing for you to say—yes, or no."

"Answer the lady," I commanded sternly.

His eyes settled on my face; they were furtive, cowardly.

"Oh—well—I'll go," he said slowly and sullenly. "But it's little enough good you'll get out of it, I promise you."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Fire in the Clearing.

"Go on now," I commanded grimly, "and do not forget. Mademoiselle, do you go first, and show the way. I will keep good guard of the rear."

He climbed the stairs, muttering savagely, with me following so close behind, the muzzle of my gun touched his back.

"I am playing safe," I muttered grimly, "so don't try any tricks in the dark."

We came out on the shore, pausing a moment to gaze out across the water to the gloom of the mainland.

The red and yellow flames lit up the open space fairly well, but all around the black forest wall closed in tightly. It was like a grotesque picture in a frame. Before the fire, mostly with their backs toward us I counted twenty savages on the grass, their red skins and matted hair showing clearly. They were silent, motionless, apparently staring into the flames. The

flames, yelling came from beyond, from the other side of the fire, where I caught furtive glimpses of wildly dancing figures, of arms flung in air, of brandished guns, and streaming hair.

I saw Mademoiselle rise silently to her feet, but my hand only gripped harder on the Englishman's shoulder as I watched. Brady advanced between two Indians, his arms bowed behind him, a bloody cloth concealing his jaw. He was bare-headed, his clothing rags, and he staggered slightly as he walked. An Indian struck him with a stick, a vicious blow, and Jappin jerked him forward between the chiefs and the fire. The warriors of the Shawnees, emotionless, their eyes cold and merciless. Brady looked into that ring of savage faces with a quiver, throwing back his shoulders, blood trickling down one cheek. It even seemed to me his eyes smiled. Then one of the chiefs spoke without rising, in deep guttural voice. I heard the words, but they were meaningless, a jumble of sound, yet somehow menacing, gruff with threat. The discordant yelling ceased, and a dark mass of forms clustered beyond the blaze, drawing together in a half circle behind the prisoner. The light played over dark, sinister faces and sparkled in the wild savage eyes.

The girl stepped backward, noiselessly, until she stood beside me, her hand touching my arm.

"We are here in time," she whispered, "but can delay no longer."

"He is condemned then? They will not spare him?"

"The chief speaks in Shawnee, and I know little of the tongue, but there is no mercy in his words."

"And you mean to go out there, to face those fiends? Are you not afraid?"

She smiled, a sad, brave smile up into my eyes.

"Monsieur, I must," she said pleadingly. "It is not only his life, but my duty. I leave my rifle here, and bear this with Christ I am not afraid."

And in her clasped hands, reddened by the flames, I saw a crucifix.

"Mademoiselle, if this man speaks a word of treachery, if by look or gesture he attempts to play us false, will you give me a sign?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Clasp your hands like this about your head. It will be his death warrant. Now, sir, are you ready?"

There was hate in his eyes, but I was glad of it.

"Oh! but I'll get you for this. Yes, I'm ready, you clod of a Yankee peasant! But you'll pay before ever you get out of these woods—oh, Lord! you'll pay."

I half thought he would spring at me, and drew back, my rifle lifted. But he only laughed, his lips snarling, and strode past crunching his way through the thicket. I caught the swift upward glance of the girl's eyes—a message of thanks, ay! more—and she had followed him. I sprang aside amid the trunks of trees, confident I could not be seen, that every savage eye would be riveted upon those two advancing figures. The

warriors, under great chiefs. Yet they listen to words of wisdom from a squaw. I am Running Water; I have sat in the councils of my people; I am the daughter of the White Chief. She glanced about her proudly, looking into the ring of dark faces. "I am a squaw, but I am a Wyandot—no Shawnee dare place a hand on me."

"Tis so," he answered gravely. "I know—but not my—young men. It best you go—I speak true—the white man will die. It has been decided—the Shawnees know not your God—the God of the Long Robes—the white man dies."

"But he came in peace, not war; he was a messenger to the Wyandots."

The chief had stepped back, and lifted his hand, but now he stood statue-like before her.

"He great hunter—he warrior—we have—met in—battle. He kill warriors—my tribe—now he die—it is spoken. Sis-e-tah-wah listen—no more."

"But you must—you shall!" the insister. "Tis not the Wyandots alone who say this. You may refuse me, you may disregard the cross I bear, but you dare not disobey the word of the English—the great chief across the water. If you will not heed the word of a squaw, listen to this man—a warrior of the Red Coats."

"I know him not," coldly, "nor care what he says. He nothing—to Sis-e-tah-wah—why he come here?"

"To stop this deed, this dastardly outrage; he speaks for the Great Chief. Tis he the Shawnees listen. Now, monsieur."

She stepped aside and the Englishman stood alone, facing the grim-faced Shawnee.

"You say you know not who I am, Sis-e-tah-wah," he said sharply. "Then I will tell you; you and your warriors. I am an officer of England, an aide to Hamilton. Will you hear me now?"

There was silence, profound breathless; the bold defiance had fallen upon them like a blow. Then, before even the chief could answer, the crowding ring of Indians was broken, and into the circle of firelight strode the fur-trader, his mottled face purple, his muscles bristling. One moment he glowered into the soldier's face, and the latter stepped back recoiling against mademoiselle, all his audacity gone. Lappin laughed, the cruel echo of it breaking the silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

light afforded me sufficient guidance, and I possessed some idea of where I wished to go. I found it with a dozen quick steps, and, even as the first wild scream of discovery burst from the red throats, I crept in behind a decaying log, at the very edge of the opening, and trust my rifle barrel across the rotten bark. Deliberately, coolly, with full determination to act, I drew bead on the red jacket.

They were not five yards away, advancing straight toward the startled group of chiefs, the girl slightly in advance, the freight on her uplifted face, the white crucifix gleaming in her hands. The Englishman, a step behind, his first mad anger already dying, walked like a criminal, with lowered head, and eyes glancing furtively aside. Even by then the treacherous cowardice of him had returned. At sight of his face I cocked my weapon, every nerve taut as a bow string, breathing through clenched teeth. I cannot say that I saw much of what occurred in that first moment—I had no eyes but for the red jacket—and yet I must have perceived it all. I remember now the whole scene, as if it hung painted before me, in all its vivid coloring and rapid movement. I saw the chiefs start up, grasping their weapons, at the first scream of alarm, a fierce intensity in their eyes. A glance at those two unarmed figures, and they stood still, gazing at them, yet with a shadow upon the dark, scowling faces that chilled my blood. The yelling ceased; there was no sound, but the pressing forward of bodies, and the crackle of flames. The Shawnee chief, a dark, saturnine face showing under his war-bonnet, stood erect with folded arms. Down the lane of warriors, apparently oblivious to their presence, Mademoiselle came, the Englishman slouching behind. The crowd of figures hid for a moment Brady and his guard, and surged in between me and Lappin.

There was silence; I could hear the wind in the tree tops, the restless movements, the heavy breathing of the excited savages; somewhere a dog barked. Rene stopped, her hand now touching the soldier's sleeve, her eyes on the dark, savage face confronting her. A moment he stared at her, then at the Englishman, while I held my breath.

"Why you—here—gain?" he asked in halting English, the face like bronze. "I—send you—to forest—why come—back?"

"Because I am a Wyandot and a Christian," she answered, the words slow and distinct. "We kill warriors in battle, not by torture, Sis-e-tah-wah. I come with this that I may beg your prisoner's life. See; it is the cross of the Great God."

"Huh!" he grunted. "Why should we listen—to a—squaw? The warriors of—the Shawnees—are men."

"So are the Wyandots, Sis-e-tah-wah; they are as the birds of the air. Once they came to the villages of the Shawnees. You know it well—they were

men. Now, when I borrow a book I always read it at once and then put it on a table in plain sight so that I shall remember to return it."

The fourth shelf was full of painful memories for Miranda and she hastened through the slapping and dusting process without stopping to peep within a single cover. The fact was that this particular fourth shelf set was a subscription set and had caused Miranda many an anxious tear. She had paid \$2 a month for it, having in a moment of foolish weakness and vanity put her name to some book agent's pledge, and there had been times when it was difficult to get the \$2, and when she was obliged to ask the agent to call again. How she hated the sight of that man and how sick she was of those books before she had paid for them!

"I suppose I ought to read them," she said to herself as she gave each of the 17 volumes a spiteful slap, "but really, I know I should see that agent's face on every page. And, besides, they are the kind of book one likes to own but doesn't care to read. They are not the sort that are what Charles Lamb called 'take downables,' and some day I mean to take them to some second-hand book store and see what I can get for them."

On the fifth shelf Miranda came across a volume that did not look familiar, though the story itself was one with which she was well acquainted.

"Why, I had forgotten the I had a copy of 'The Clotel and the Heart,' said she, as she opened the volume and glanced at the name of an old friend inscribed on the fly leaf. "Dear me! I must have borrowed this book ages ago and then, after I had read it, put it among my own books and just forgot all about it. And I don't know what has become of Elsie Braddon or whether she is Elsie Braddon now. I really don't see how I could have failed to do with this book of hers as I always do with borrowed books—that is, keep them in sight until they are returned—but I don't suppose this belongs to any set, and so it will not be missed like my 'Daniel Deronda.' But perhaps I had better look it out and see if I can't recall the circumstances of my borrowing it. I have a faint recollection of Elsie's telling me that this was her favorite novel, and that she wanted my opinion of it."

"Well, I suppose she has her opinion of me by this time!"—Chicago Daily News.

All Rests on Fate.

During a prolonged study of the lives of various men both great and small, I came upon this thought: "In the web of the world the one may well be regarded as the warp, the other as the woof. It is the little men, after all, who give breadth to the web, and the great men firmness and solidity, perhaps also the addition of some sort of pattern. But the scissors of the fates determine its length and to that all the rest must join in submitting itself."—Goethe.

"I Wonder Who Gave It to Me."

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# THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.  
A. F. CURRAN, Editor and Publisher.  
Local and Long Distance Telephone No. 40. OFFICE—PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, MAYSVILLE, KY.  
Entered at the Maysville, Ky., Postoffice as second-class mail matter.  
SUBSCRIPTIONS—BY MAIL: One Year, \$2.00; Six Months, \$1.25; Three Months, \$0.75. DELIVERED BY CARRIER, 35 Cents. Payable to Collector at end of Month.  
ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS CASH IN ADVANCE.

Ohio is now suffering from "legislative indigestion," the third session within eighteen months of the Cox regime will bring on legislative appendicitis. —Ripley Bee.

## PRESIDENT WILSON KILLED THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE BILL

Washington.—The woman's suffrage resolution is doomed. Not only will it fail in the House Rules Committee, but if it should come to a vote in the House it will be defeated there.

President Wilson's recent announcement of his position against it has gone far toward sealing its fate in the House. Nearly all of the Democrats have been polled, and against the resolution.

Democrats generally are adhering to what they now understand to be party principle in their opposition to the resolution, taking the position that the question of suffrage is one to be decided by the voters themselves in the different states.

## THIS IS THE AGE OF GOOD SCHOOLS, DOVER TAXPAYERS.

The voters in the Dover school district will have to take a lesson in "Community Building". They have the key note sounded when they tax themselves to put in a sanitary condition the school house and outbuildings.

They will have two outhouses built after the plan of the State Board of Health.

Read what the Bulletin on Sanitary Privy of the State Board has to say about the "Preventable Diseases."

One only great tax is ignorance.

People would not cripple the future of their children if they could come together oftener and discuss the questions of the day that confront us. And where better can this be done than in a clean up-to-date school house where the parents and teachers can counsel together?

Make the school comfortable and attractive and with well trained teachers and the problem of "keeping up attendance" is solved.

A school tax has never failed in Mason County and we predict that the Dover district tax will carry by an overwhelming majority.

One cannot believe that some of the wealthy and leading citizens of the Dover school district are opposed to a 15-cent special tax to build two sanitary toilets, when there are absolutely none now for the children's use.

Can any sane person be so selfish and prejudice, if not ignorant?

Think of it, when these very men are nearly all rich, in land and money, if not in principle and high ideals.

or self-protection if from no other motive this tax should be voted.

What if an epidemic should be caused by the torrid conditions now existing around the Dover school building?

but if one little child's life should pay the penalty for this narrow-mindedness? Think of these things Mr. Taxpayer, and also think that if the Dover district refuses to vote this little special tax that those opposing it will be held up to the ridicule of the entire State of Kentucky, where "Education and Sanitation" are transforming communities once reeking with filth and steeped in ignorance, into beautiful gardens and illuminated by the great archlight of education.

Away with selfishness; away with ignorance and illiteracy!

Good people of the Dover school district, the richest 3-mile square agricultural section on earth, you must see the light—the light of religious education that makes your daily pathway of life one sweet journey of peace, plenty and love for your neighbor, and—most all of this thoughtful love must be for the little children—the men and women of tomorrow.

Vote for the tax!

## MORE DEMOCRATIC PROSPERITY.

President Wilson's fulsome promises of continued prosperity have been kept so well that the price of meat in New York has been advanced 3 cents a pound and threatens to go higher. Woodie is a promising young gent.

## KERMIT'S PROFESSION.

Some day when we get up in the morning feeling so out of sorts that we don't care whether we incur the enmity of the Progressive Party or not we are going to inquire in our innocent way, as if we supposed of course he had one, what Kermit's regular business is.—Ohio State Journal.

## SYMPATHY FOR MARSANS.

One of the most pitiable objects—one of the most depressing cases—we have lamped in a long time was Armando Marsans. Although his pay was still going on he had been enjoined from playing ball in St. Louis with the temperature at 97 3-4. It is a tough life anyway you take it.—Chicago Post.

## HIGHER STANDARD FOR LAWYERS.

The State Bar Association went on record Friday in favor of higher standards for legal education and for admission to the bar. The resolution adopted is hardly as strong as it should be, but the association has committed itself to reform along this line and its action is encouraging.

Judge Lafferty and Lieut. Gov. McDermott told the association why it was desirable that better standards should prevail. The examinations of applicants for admission to the bar in many instances are not thorough; a man of average intellect may easily become a full-fledged lawyer; some of the Circuit Judges have never been known to fail an applicant; the State occupies an unenviable attitude as "a dumping ground for unworthy applicants from other States and undesirable students from Standardized States who use Kentucky as an avenue to reach membership in the profession in their own States."

It is a matter of common knowledge that the legal profession has in its ranks a very large number of alleged lawyers who are no credit to it. The State outlaws quack doctors and has elevated the standard of the medical profession; it requires certain qualifications of its teachers, and the teacher who falls short of them must seek other means of livelihood. A man who would be a pharmacist must demonstrate his competency before a board which knows its business and takes the time to attend to it. In various other ways more is being required of those who set themselves up as mentors or servitors to the public. But the lawyer gets his license in the same old way. The way is all right if the would-be lawyer is a capable, conscientious man, but it is all wrong when he happens to be the reverse.

There ought to be a State examining board for lawyers so that examinations would be neither a formality nor a farce. Obviously that is what many of them are under the present method.—Courier Journal.

## FOOLISH PHILOSOPHY.

It's a corking good idea to bottle up your wrath. When trouble goes to sleep, throw away the alarm clock.

It's a pity that we can't insure our pipe dreams before they go up in smoke.

If a woman admits that she snores you can safely believe anything she says.

At the age of 40 a man is apt to feel under everlasting obligations to the chap who married the girl he was spoony on at the age of 20.



## QUITE SO!

Judge—"What is your occupation, my man?"  
Prisoner—"I am a truck-driver, your honor."  
Judge—"You mean you are the driver of horses attached thereto?"  
Prisoner—"Yes, sir."  
Judge—"You are charged with hitting this man on the face. Did you do it?"  
Prisoner—"Certainly not!"  
Judge—"What did you do, then?"  
Prisoner—"I hit him on the nasal organ attached thereto!"

The Philadelphia Press complains of business being convicted without a hearing and punished without a trial.

## SULPHUROUS

Fair Maid—(learning to smoke).—"How do you light this match? My foot isn't long enough."  
Tutor—"Scratch it on your—er—here, better let me light it for you."

## PHELON, IN THE TIMES-STAR SIZES UP THE BASE BALL SITUATION.

The Federal League and the International League will combine into one Class AA association, if negotiations now being conducted are successfully completed. War will cease and every effort made to obliterate it from the memory of the fans. The cities now suffering from an over-plus of base ball will be relieved from their burdens, and the nightmare of the Federal League invasion will become only a painful recollection. Such, according to fairly accurate "inside wires," are the present plans and projects of the Federal chieftains—that is, of those Federal chieftains who possess anything except concrete from the neck up. While the major league magnates are said to be sternly opposed to any such dealings, or to permitting the Federals to thus work their way inside the fences of organized ball, it is evident that the International officials have come to the point where the major leagues will be given a whole lot of respect and attention, NOT.

One organization has suffered from war—from its own ambitions and its own idiotic attempts to bull the market. Another organization has suffered from loyalty to organized ball. The Federals can not go much farther fighting AGAINST the major league. The International league can not go much farther fighting FOR the major leagues. By pooling clubs, players, plants and money, a new, high-class and prosperous organization could be formed. It is said that if such consolidation takes place the magnates and managers of the Federal league who have made themselves contemptible will be eliminated and eliminated to stay that way. The Federal magnates who have played the game squarely could abandon their major league chimera, and merge with the AA people, bringing a return of base ball prosperity.

## DAILY PROGRAM FOR FEAST IN THE WILDERNESS.

Monday.  
Anthem—Choir—"Sing Praises to God" (16)  
Scripture Lesson—Rev. J. Jackson.  
Anthem—"I Will Sing" (11)  
Invocation.  
Duet—Mrs. M. J. Taylor and Mrs. Florence Harris.  
Anthem—"We Come to Thee" (52)  
Introductions.  
Mayor Lee  
Anthem—"The Lord is My Shepherd" (51)  
Address—Rev. J. S. Bailey, D. S.  
Anthem—"Worthy is the Lamb" (152)  
Announcements, etc.  
Benediction.

Tuesday  
Class meeting.  
Wednesday  
WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY—CONCERT—LAST DAYS OF SCHOOL.  
Opening chorus.  
Invocation  
Little Annie Routt  
Recitation—Bertha Walker  
Vocal Solo—Little Mary Davis  
Dialogue—Two little girls  
Instrumental Solo—Little Carrie Slat.

Recitation—Little Lillie Green  
INTERMISSION  
Instrumental Duet—William Logan and Everett Anderson  
Recitation—Little Priscilla Taylor  
Song—"The School"  
Reading—Little Pollie Walker  
Recitation—Little Anna Moore  
Solo—Little Hattie Anderson  
Recitation—Little Maria Jane Taylor  
Song  
Recitation—Little Bettie Williams  
Reading—Bertha Morton  
Dialogue—Little Mattie Disemby and Amelia Sykes.  
Recitation—Little Maggie Paton.  
Song by the School  
Remarks by school visitors  
Reading—Little Ada Cooper  
Reading—Little Tobie Lewis  
Recitation—Little Mary Wright  
Reading—Little Mae D. Hagood  
Reading—Little Bettie Simpson.  
Announcements and Benediction.

Thursday  
SUNDAY SCHOOL SPELLING MATCH  
Song  
Invocation  
Solo—Miss Mae Decelia Hagood  
Spelling contest.  
Awarding of prizes for spelling—Mrs. M. J. Taylor.  
Announcements and Benediction.  
Friday  
BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH  
Organ Voluntary.  
Opening Chorus  
Invocation  
Address—Miss Frances Strawder  
Chorus  
Duet—Misses Duncan and Williams  
Recitation—Miss Ambrosia Beckett  
Chorus—Junior Choir  
Instrumental Solo—Miss Ethel Parker  
Select Reading—Mrs. Anna Perkins  
Trio—Misses Irene Bell, Perkins and Mr. R. Robinson  
Recitation—Miss Ella B. Johnson  
Solo—Miss Beatrice Jackson  
Recitation—Miss Sarah B. Combs  
Quartet—Misses Sadie Bell, Marshall, W. B. Humphrey and Robt. Johnson.

Pen Grove Campmeeting is in progress at Mt. Olivet. The Ledger thanks Secretary Buckner for a complimentary ticket.

## CRIMES THE LAW SANCTIONS

Killing time.  
Hanging pictures.  
Stealing bases.  
Shooting the chutes.  
Choking off a speaker.  
Running over a new song.  
Smothering a laugh.  
Setting fire to a heart.  
Knifing a performance.  
Murdering the English language.

## DO IT NOW

Maysville People Should Not Wait Until It Is Too Late.

The appalling death-rate from kidney disease is due largely to the fact that the little kidney troubles are usually neglected until they become serious. The slight symptoms often give place to chronic disorders and the sufferer may slip gradually into some serious form of kidney complaint.

If you suffer from backache, headaches, dizzy spells; if the kidney secretions are irregular of passage and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. Help the kidneys at once.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney disorders—they act where others fail. Over one hundred thousand people have recommended them. Here's a case at home:

Mrs. S. Neal, 497 W. Second St., Maysville, Ky., says: "One of my family had a great deal of trouble from his back and kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills made him better and he always praises them."

Mrs. Neal is only one of many Maysville people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mrs. Neal recommends—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

## RUGGLES CAMPMEETING JULY 23 TO AUGUST 2, 1914.

Bishop David H. Moore of Indianapolis, Ind., will preach the second Sunday.  
Rev. Dr. Kirby of East Liverpool, O., will preach the first Sunday.

Rev. G. W. Bunton, D. D., of Union M. E. Church, Covington, will have charge of the Young People's Meetings.  
Rev. H. E. Armistead, Evangelist, will conduct evangelistic services during the meeting.

Miss Virginia Mae Hurd, a trained worker, will have charge of the Children's meetings. This insures success with the little folks. Mr. Boyd K. Muse will be director of the choir, with J. H. Richardson as cornetist and Howard Trent as piano accompanist. W. H. Hamrick will have charge of the hotel; Cropper Bros., Evans & Denton the confectionery; baggage and barber shop; Barbour & Cropper; Chief of Police, A. F. Rose; stables, Foxworthy Bros. Ministers of the Ashland and Covington Districts will be present. Revs. W. H. Dickerson and J. G. Dover, District Superintendents, will have charge of the meeting.  
ADMISSION—On Saturdays and Sundays 15c for all over 12 years of age; other days free; horses, vehicles and autos free. Anyone too poor to pay will be admitted free.  
Auto conveyances twice daily from Maysville. Fare, \$1.25 round trip. Including suit case. One way, 75c. All persons bring drinking cups.  
I. M. Lane, president, Maysville, Ky., will furnish information concerning rooms and cottages. See or write him.

# ATTEND THE CUT-PRICE SALE At the N. Y. Store, Saturday July 18

BETTER BARGAINS THAN EVER 15 GREAT SPECIALS.  
SPECIAL NO. 1.—Children's Muslin Pants, embroidered, 10c.  
SPECIAL NO. 2.—35c Fancy Ribbons, 19c.  
SPECIAL NO. 3.—Fine Leather Suit Cases, 89c.  
SPECIAL NO. 4.—Boys' 35c Waists, 15c.  
SPECIAL NO. 5.—Ladies' \$1.25 Dresses, 69c.  
SPECIAL NO. 6.—Ladies' Satin Underskirts, many colors, 35c.  
SPECIAL NO. 7.—Ladies' Fine \$1.00 Waists 50c.  
SPECIAL NO. 8.—Dark Calicoes, 4 cents.  
SPECIAL NO. 9.—Children's and Women's Dresses, slightly soiled, 25c and 50c.  
SPECIAL NO. 10.—Ladies' Muslin Underskirts, \$1.25 quality, 69c.  
SPECIAL NO. 11.—Ladies' new fall Hats in Ratine and Linen, 49c.  
SPECIAL NO. 12.—\$1.50 Entire Skirts in Colors, 85c.  
SPECIAL NO. 13.—Heavy Brown Cotton, 5c a yard.  
SPECIAL NO. 14.—Another shipment of the new Crepes for Dresses, 15c a yard.  
SPECIAL NO. 15.—Ladies' Finest \$5 and \$6 Voile Dresses reduced to \$2.98.

NEW YORK STORE S. STRAUS, Proprietor  
PHONE 571

# Porch Furniture

We have a large stock of Porch Furniture—Swings, etc., that we do not want to carry over, so we are going to give you the advantage of a big reduction. Come early and get your choice. : - : - : -

## McILVAIN, HUMPHREYS & KNOX,

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.  
Furniture Dealers.  
207 Sutton Street. Phone 250. Maysville, Ky.

## APPEAL

Desiring to close up the present business as soon as possible, we must insist that all those indebted to the firm call and settle. Any one having accounts against us will present same for settlement.

RAINS BROS. PHONE 191

## FOR SALE!

We have for sale the home of Mrs. H. C. Smith on East Fifth street. This is a two-story seven-room house in good repair, with water and gas in the house. There are two lots that go with the house. These lots run from Fifth back to Sixth street. We do not hesitate to say that this is a very cheap place at the price asked for it, and if you are looking for a medium priced home we don't think this one can be duplicated in our city at the price asked—\$1,850.00.

Thos L. Ewan & Co  
REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENTS  
FARMERS AND TRADERS' BANK, MAYSVILLE, KY.  
CHAS. W. TRAXEL & CO. PHONE 395.

# Mammoth Cash Raising and Clearance Sale

BEGINS SATURDAY, JULY 18th

The greatest Footwear Sale ever witnessed in the good old town of Maysville and Mason county. We are greatly overstocked with summer goods. The wholesale house and manufacturers who shipped us goods urge us to turn this surplus stock into cash at once at a great sacrifice in order to raise cash. MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FOOTWEAR will be sold without regard to cost or value. We must clear our shelves of all summer goods at once

Ladies best quality Pumps and Oxfords. Genuine hand turned soles, all leathers. Values up to \$4.00.  
Cash Raising Price—\$2.39.  
Ladies \$2.00 and \$2.50 Patent, two straps and Oxfords.  
Cash Raising Price—\$1.49.  
Ladies \$2.00 Oxfords in Gun Metal, Patent and White Canvas.  
Cash Raising Price—99c.  
One lot Oxfords, small sizes only, 2 1/2, 3 and 3 1/4.  
Special—25c.  
Misses and Childrens Gun Metal Patent and White Canvas Shoes, \$1.50 and \$1.75 values.  
Cash Raising Price—99c.  
Misses and Childrens Barefoot Sandals, any size up to 2 1/2. Worth 75c.  
Now—49c.  
Boys and Youths good wearing shoes in Box Calf and Patent Oxfords. Worth \$2.00.  
Cash Raising Price—99c.  
One lot infants 50c kid oxfords.  
Special—11c.  
Mens genuine gun metal and patent Oxfords and Shoes. \$4.00 and \$2.50 values.  
Cash Raising Price—\$1.19.  
Mens \$3.00 Shoes and Oxfords in tan and black.  
Cash Raising Price—\$1.95.  
Mens Broken lines, Oxfords mostly, in patents.  
Cash Raising Price—\$1.19.  
Mens \$1.25 comfortable congress slippers, tan and black.  
Special—79c.

# DAN COHEN INC

## BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

Two cups buttermilk; 1 scant teaspoon soda; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 2 heaping tablespoons lard; 1 teaspoon salt; 5 cups GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. Dissolve the soda in the buttermilk. Mix the baking powder with the flour, in the lard, and add the liquid to flour.

Kneading, work the dough as little as possible. Flatten out with the hand, in a biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven.

Flour From Your Grocer.

Medal Flour

Why Not Now?

M. C. RUSSELL CO., Distributors.

## Audubon Water!

NATURE'S GREATEST HEALTH DRINK

For Sale By

GORDON SMOOT.

Orders filled promptly. Phone 3 and 61.

## COUGHLIN & CO.

Livery, Feed and Sales Stable

Udncertakers, Automobiles for Hire.

Phone 31.

## G. M. WILLIAMS, DENTIST.

First National Bank Building.

Phones: Residence 579-W Office 398

## Fresh Meats

W. A. Wood & Bro.

Market Street, MAYSVILLE, KY.

All kinds of Fresh Meats. Cash paid for butchers' stock, hides and tallow.



# A. F. THAVIU'S FAMOUS BAND AND ORCHESTRA



Versality is one of the great features of the A. F. Thaviu, who is coming to the Blue Grass Fair at Lexington, August 3 to 8, with his famous band and opera organization. This young Russian band leader has won an enviable place in modern music with his vigorous methods and his tasteful programs. Not only is he known in amusement parks, such as White City in Chicago, where he has played for the past five seasons, but at state fairs, such as Texas, and at Chautauqua throughout the length and breadth of the land. He has found favor with music lovers in all walks of life, and has gained fame in every quarter of the country.

Combined with his power as a conductor, he is a cornetist of great ability and his playing has been praised in the highest terms by some of the best critics in the country, notably by William Lines Hubbard, the great musical critic of the Chicago Tribune. As a program maker, Mr. Thaviu is without a peer or a rival. He seems instinctively to know what the people want and he can vary his program to suit any gathering, from the frivolous crowds at summer parks who seek nothing but the gay and lighter melodies, to the more sedate and serious gatherings in Chautauquas who demand music of a higher grade and style.

He has taken a great hold on the public fancy, and his return engagements are always welcomed with much enthusiasm. He is young, vigorous and tactful. He is a musician who obtains the most vivid effects without recourse to buffoonery or chicanery. He knows music and knows his audiences. He has one of the very best organizations on the road this season and not only carries a band that is perfect in every detail but also provides an opera company that offers grand opera in the best taste and in the best manner. Without a doubt the presence of Thaviu in Lexington will be a rare treat to all classes, from the stickler for classics, to those who are fond of the lighter popular tunes of the day.

The Government will make no decision as to criminal prosecution against the men behind the New Haven railroad until the dissolution of the road has been accomplished.

## FOUR BILLION FISH

Propagated and Distributed by the Government During Year.

Washington, D. C.—Secretary of Commerce Redfield has just been informed by the Commissioner of Fisheries that advance reports received from the fish cultural stations of the Bureau of Fisheries in all parts of the country indicate that during the fiscal year, which closed June 30, 1914, the number of food and game fishes propagated and distributed by the bureau was considerably in excess of that of any previous year. The output was approximately 4,000,000,000, of which 183,000,000 represented the migratory food fishes of the Atlantic Coast streams, 1,000,000,000 the commercial fishes of the Great Lakes, 2,250,000,000 the important food fishes of the North Atlantic Coast, over 200,000,000 the salmon of the Pacific seaboard, and the remainder the fishes of the minor interior waters.

Love is blind, so what's the use of wasting gas on it?

About the time a man reaches the age of fifty he begins to see insults in the newspapers to the effect that he is an old man.

## THANKSGIVING BIRD O. K.

(Carlisle Advocate.)  
The dry weather has favored only one crop in this county and that is the turkey crop. Young turkeys always thrive in dry weather and there is a chance of an over production this fall.

## MORE THAN 400 KILLED.

Columbus, Ohio.—Four hundred and one persons were killed by steam and electric railways in Ohio during the first six months of the present year, according to reports compiled by the State Utilities Commission. Of these 237 were trespassers, 97 employees on duty, 10 employees off duty, 44 passengers on highways and 7 passengers on trains. The month of June showed 81 fatal accidents, more than any month of the six. While steam railways were responsible for 365 deaths, electric lines were responsible for only 36.

A woman lives and learns. After she has been married a couple of years she stops buying neckties for her husband.

## STUDY "SAFETY FIRST."

That "safety first" is to be the motto of the various railroads in the future is shown by the various railway magazines now being issued. The last issue of the Employees' Magazine of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad is a strong example.

Careful reading of this, in which studies and examples are displayed, will prove a substantial part of the education of any man in the operating department of any road.

## WHAT THE CONSUMER PAID FOR THOSE BEANS.

(Farm and Fireside.)  
"Ezra Tuttle is a Long Island farmer. He followed to market a bushel of beans which brought him 30 cents a bushel, and found that the consumer paid \$1.80 for them. The Long Island farmers have decided to maintain a bureau of markets for the purpose of getting some, at least, of this difference between \$1.80 and 30 cents. Ezra Tuttle is at the head of the movement."

**A Short Sermon.**  
I herewith discourse on  
The subject of sorrow:  
The troubles that kill are  
The troubles we borrow! —Judge

There is one flourishing industry these days—the pawnbroking.

Most women are curious, but the most curious thing in the world is one who isn't.

No man likes to be counted out; but, on the other hand, no man likes to be taken in.

## FOURTEEN STORY JAIL BUILDING.

New York will have the highest jail building so far erected if present plans are carried out. It will be built in 13th street near Sixth avenue, will be 14 stories tall and will cost about \$4,500,000. It is planned chiefly for the care of woman prisoners.

## PROGRESSIVE PENELOPE.

Larry—Did I understand you to say Percival and Penelope are estranged?  
Laura—Yes.

Larry—But I saw her buying a ham-mock today.

Laura—Little schemer. I'll just wager she is planning a get-together meeting.—Judge.

## THE MODERN SUITOR.

Oh, I shall not search for beauty,  
Nor for sympathetic eyes,  
Nor for what they call a "cutie,"  
Nor for winners—otherwise—  
For I'm simple—oh, so simple!  
And it matters not to me  
If she have or not a dimple.  
Love is blind—I shall not see.  
But, I pray, ye gods escort me  
(I am losing hope alone)  
To a dame who can support me  
In a style I've never known.  
—Jane Burr in Judge.

## APROPOS.

(Apropos of the present scanty apparel of the weaker sex, so called, with apologies to Rudyard Kipling, and most sincere apologies to the shade of Gunga Din.)

The party frock she wore  
Was nothing much before  
And a little less than half of that  
behind;  
For a bit of filmy lace  
And some powder for her face  
Was all the dance equipment she  
could find.  
—John H. Burns in Judge

## PRETTY WEDDING AT LEXINGTON

(Cynthiana Democrat.)  
WOODWARD-WRIGHT—Miss Bertha Woodward, of Lair, near Cynthiana, and Mr. Charles F. Wright, of Maysville, were married in Lexington at noon, Tuesday, July 14, the Rev. Dr. John Barbour, of Maysville, officiating. Only a few relatives and other friends of the contracting parties were present, among them Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chancellor, of Millersburg, and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cole, of Blue Lick Springs, Mrs. Cole being a sister of the groom. Immediately after the ceremony a delicious luncheon was served at a hotel, after which the happy couple left for a wedding trip. They will return in about two weeks and reside in Maysville. The bride is one of Harrison's fairest daughters, a young woman of much charm of person and manner. She has been teaching in the county schools for several terms where her work has been of the highest order. The Maysville papers speak in glowing terms of Mr. Wright, who is one of the bookkeepers in the Bank of Maysville.

## LEWIS COUNTY IS TO REAP HARVEST FROM ROAD BONDS.

(State Journal.)  
While Lewis County may not be the first in Kentucky to participate in the State Good Roads Fund, as several others have applied and will draw next year, it will be the first to draw in the large degree made possible by its recently voted bond issue of \$150,000, and unlike the people of other counties, the inhabitants of Lewis will be enjoying good roads while paying for them.

The Act of 1914, levying a five cent tax to create a road fund limits the amount which any one county may draw from the State in any one year to 2 per cent. levy of the revenue from the five cent levy of that year, about \$12,000. The State will put up dollar for dollar with the county to that amount.

Lewis with its \$150,000 will have prepared for it a systematic scheme of highway improvement on which the proceeds of its bond issue will be expended. Then each year the State will pay to the county \$12,000 until it has paid Lewis \$75,000, half the amount of the bond issue, and the county may use this money for a sinking fund to retire bonds as they mature or may use it for the further construction of highways. Commissioner of Roads R. C. Terrell said, however, that the money contributed by the State may be used only for the actual construction of highways and not for buying rights of way and other like expenditures connected with road building.

Mr. Terrell will send Assistant R. H. Reese to Lewis County within a few days to map out the various roads and render whatever assistance is necessary. Supt. Terrell is pleased with the interest which the people throughout the State are taking in the movement for better highways.

# BREVITIES

Secretary Bryan announced that a peace commission treaty with Uruguay would be signed Monday.

In an effort to close up alleged disorderly houses in Henderson, Judge S. A. Young has fined a woman \$200.

Iowa Republicans refused the plea of the prohibitionists to call for another election on the liquor question.

The Senate and Chamber of Deputies passed the 1914 French budget in time for President Poincare to make his trip to Russia.

The Emperor's court physician has been sent to Siberia to minister to Monk Rasputin, who was shot recently by a woman.

Methodists will decide on the location of the new college to take the place of Vanderbilt in the church's educational system.

A bill to legalize the sale of beer in Georgia by the modification of the present prohibition laws has been favorably reported to the Legislature.

Mrs. E. W. Carmack, widow of former Senator Carmack, was nominated and unanimously confirmed as postmistress at Columbia, Tenn.

A controversy between two Paris editors and two German correspondents threatens to cause diplomatic tension between the two countries.

Former Congressman John W. Boehne, Democrat, of Evansville, has declined overtures of Progressive leaders to become their candidate for Congress.

By a decision of the Orphan's Court in Pittsburgh Harry K. Thaw was awarded the income from his father's estate, which amounts to over \$130,000.

## WE ARE READY FOR VOTE

(Jacksonville (Fla.) State, July 3.)  
(By Byrd Spillman Dewey, of West Palm Beach, author of "Bruno," "The Blessed Isle," and a number of other charming stories.)

The observer is constantly reminded of the power of the vote. Each one with a vote to give or to withhold is hedged round with a magic importance that makes him a factor to be reckoned with in every question. The candidate, or those who back him, and will benefit by his election, has a respect for the vote-wielder of which we daily and hourly see proofs.

Many of us women do not feel the need of this power, because we are surrounded by those who look after our interests, and who see that we are not imposed upon; or that we do not lack for protection when any question arises which threatens us; or our interests. But, for the sake of those of our sisters who go out among strangers, fighting alone and unprotected, hampered by laws framed by men who are unscrupulous in exploiting their helplessness, we are willing, even eager, to right cruel wrongs by taking upon ourselves the responsibility of the franchise.

Any human being who has the sense and the courage to administer a home and to bring into the world human beings and to train them for this life and for eternity, has surely the sense and the nerve to take hold and help father, brothers and sons to attend to the public housekeeping.

Some alarmists say we shall neglect the home if we take the vote; but have we ever yet attempted anything we couldn't do? Many mothers have to be business women, have to run farms, or have to do other rough work which nature seems to have intended for masculine strength and still they have found time to keep the little garments mended—to see that there is wholesome food—plenty always ready for hungry little mouths—to find time to make home the happy center of life, and to train the budding minds and morals, bringing up all-around good young citizens to take their places in the game of life.

The vote does not interfere with a man's other business; then, why should it be an interruption to the life of the house-mother, who has always shown herself to be equal to any emergency?

In those countries and States where women now have the franchise, we know they have made good. First of all, they have looked to the welfare of the weak, and the helpless. Children, unsheltered young people, invalids, abused animals—all the helpless little ones cared for—protected, both from the greed of others and from the consequences of their own young foolishness.

It's up to the men to show their alertness in grasping the trend of things. Let them offer the franchise and let women accept, giving man the credit for showing both his good sense and his gallantry.

Surely he can trust an equal share in the government to those hands which in his first helplessness have pressed his tiny form against the bosom of comfort and tenderness, and will be his solace when that same bosom will be his dying pillow!

Mrs. Dewey is the daughter of the late Rev. J. E. Spillman, D. D., who was for many years the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this place.

SOMETHING NEW FROM CALIFORNIA

# Booth's SARDINES

THE EMERGENCY MEAL—FOR FOUR PERSONS.

ONLY 20c A CAN.

M. C. RUSSELL CO.

# ROOFING AND WIRE FENCE

WE HAVE PRICES AND QUALITY

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EDWIN MATTHEWS  
DENTIST.

Suite 4, First National Bank Building. MAYSVILLE, KY.  
Local and Long Office No. 555. Distance Phone 1 Residence No. 177.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR CONGRESS  
We are authorized to announce Hon. W. J. Fields of Carter County as a candidate for re-election to Congress from the Ninth District subject to the Democratic Primary to be held on August 1st, 1914. We most respectfully solicit your support.

LEAVE  
15:40 a. m. 12:35 p. m.  
17:10 a. m. 17:35 a. m.  
17:15 p. m. 19:50 a. m.  
19:35 p. m. 21:15 p. m.  
Daily except Sundays.  
H. S. ELLIS, Agent.

Chesapeake & Ohio  
Railway.

Schedule effective Nov. 30, 1913. Subject to change without notice.  
Trains leave MAYSVILLE, KY.  
Westward—  
6:30 a. m. 8:47 a. m.  
8:18 p. m. daily.  
8:30 a. m. 8:16 a. m.  
8:26 a. m. 8:30 p. m.  
week-days local.  
8:00 p. m. daily, local.  
W. W. WIKOFF, Agent.

# An A. D. S. Preparation

for every ill. We guarantee satisfaction. Try

A. D. S. PEROXIDE CREAM.

JOHN C. PECOR, Druggist

## CHILD'S ECZEMA

Yields to our Saxo Salve

Troy, N. Y.—"My little girl had eczema on her feet for about eighteen months. The doctors used ointments and doctored her blood but did not help her. Nights it would itch so she could not sleep. Saxo Salve has entirely cured her and I am writing this letter so other sufferers may know about it."  
—Mrs. JOSEPH CLIFTON, Troy, N. Y.  
If we can't cure your skin trouble with Saxo Salve and Saxo Soap we will buy back the empty tube.  
John C. Pecor, Druggist, Maysville, Ky.

Most men would be ashamed to preach half what they practice.

Marriage may be a failure in some cases, but with the advent of twins it becomes a howling success.

It's an easy matter to take a day off, but it isn't every man who can put it back.

## WASHINGTON THEATER.

TONIGHT

ALICE HOLLISTER AND JAMES B. ROSS IN  
"THE TREASURE SHIP"  
Kalem Drama in Two Parts.  
HELEN HOLMES AND WILLIAM BRUNTON IN  
"THE FAST FREIGHT NO. 3205"  
Kalem Drama  
"What God Deceives"—Monday Night.

ADMISSION 5c

\$15 FOR THIS GENUINE



# Victor-Victrola

PAY CASH FOR YOUR RECORDS and \$1 per week on the Victrola and we will place this machine in your home. It has concealed sounding board, modifying doors, tapering tone arm and exhibition sound box.

NEW LINE OF VICTROLAS

\$15, \$25, 40, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$200

# MURPHY'S Jewelry Store.

Plenty of

# Bunch Beans

and

# Sugar C

For Seed.

Now is the Time

# R. B. LOVEL,

THE LEAD



GEORGE W. MAXWELL  
well-known trapshooter  
"I find relaxation and complete enjoyment in Tuxedo. It's a nerve steadier and a sure fire, slow burning tobacco. Easily my favorite."  
Geo W Maxwell



TOM A. MARSHALL  
famous trapshooter  
"Tuxedo tobacco is unquestionably the acme of perfection; smoking Tuxedo makes life better worth living."  
Tom A. Marshall



FRED GILBERT  
the celebrated trapshooter  
"The coolest, most fragrant, most pleasant tobacco in my experience—Tuxedo. Leads in mildness and purity."  
Fred Gilbert

# Quick on the Trigger With a Snap-Shot Eye

THE crack trapshooter has to be a man with steady nerves and muscles absolutely under control—always ready, at the sudden jerk of a string to swing his gun into place and bring down his clay pigeon. This means trained, not to the minute, but to the split-second. He takes no chances with his nerves.

We present the names of some of these crack shots who smoke Tuxedo. They like to smoke; but they take no chances on a tobacco that might "throw them off."

# Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

is purposely made to give you all the benefits of the highest grade smoke. It is made from the very finest tobacco Kentucky grows—ripe, mellow, sweet and mild old Burley, aged right up to perfection-day. Then treated by the original "Tuxedo Process," which takes out the sting, makes Tuxedo smoke cool and slow, and guarantees that it cannot bite your tongue.

Tuxedo has had many imitators; none has ever equalled it in sheer quality and smoking-value.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Famous green tin with gold lettering, curved to fit the pocket 10c

Convenient pouch, inner-lined with moisture-proof paper 5c

In Glass Humidors 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY





**HATS REDUCED**  
IN PA  
**CHILDREN'S WASH**  
**SUITS, AGES 2 1-2 TO 8,**  
**JUST ONE-HALF PRICE.**

**2-PIECE 50c UNDER-**  
**WEAR FOR BOYS, AGES 6**  
**TO 12, NOW 25c.**

**AND \$1.50 FOR AN**  
**EXTRA GOOD VALUE IN AN**  
**AUTO DUSTER; ALL SIZES.**

**Geo. H. Frank & Co.**  
Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.

## BASEBALL RESULTS

### GAMES TODAY.

Ohio State League.  
Chillicothe at Lexington.  
Huntington at Portsmouth.  
Maysville at Charleston.

### YESTERDAY'S GAMES.

Ohio State League.  
Huntington, 0; Lexington, 3; five in-  
nings, rain.  
Portsmouth, 7; Charleston, 4.  
Maysville, 0; Chillicothe, 5.

### STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Ohio State League.				
	Won	Lost	P. C.	
Charleston	7	3	.700	
Chillicothe	6	4	.600	
Lexington	4	4	.500	
MAYSVILLE	4	5	.444	
Huntington	4	5	.444	
Portsmouth	3	7	.300	

He may be near—he may be  
far away, but a good portrait of  
you will surely be appreciated  
and may bring one in return.

We shall be pleased to show  
you our wide variety of styles  
and mountings. An appointment  
for a portrait will be optional  
WITH YOU.

## Brosce

The Photographer in Your Town.

Puerto, Mexico, July 16.—His family  
and others dear to him already out of the  
zone of possible danger ex-President  
Huerta is moving toward this port to-  
night in a special train that should land  
him here early tomorrow morning.

Born, Wednesday, July 18, to the  
wife of Ben Harbeson, at Bethesda Hos-  
pital, Cincinnati, a fine daughter.—Au-  
gusta Chronicle.

# Eat Traxel's Bread

## THE FINEST PINEAPPLES

that were grown in the  
Indian River District,  
both in flavor and size,  
were grown by J. L.  
Hoeftlich, a Maysville  
man, on Lynn Haven  
Plantation. They are now  
in our store for sale.

**J. C. CABLISH**  
& BRO.

Quality Grocers.

Phone 230.

## All Summer Goods Are Offered At Sacrifice Prices

Voiles, Crepes, Lawns, etc. at 10c. All real Bargains.  
Also specials at 15c, 19c and 25c a yard. Worth from  
25c to 49c.  
Embroidered Voiles very, very cheap.  
Flouncings of all kinds greatly reduced.  
Lovely embroidered Crepe Voiles, 40 inches wide, 50c a  
yard. Just half price.  
49c buys lovely Foulard Silks. Most of them were 85c.  
In suit lengths.  
Our Messalines, Crepe de Chines, etc. are sold at a posi-  
tive saving to you.  
Best line of hosiery in town, 10c to \$1.50 a pair.  
Best 25c hosiery on earth, for men, women and children.  
Housefurnishing Goods at bargain prices.  
August styles are here. Designer, best fashion book, 10c.

**ROBERT L. HOEFLICH**

211 and 213 MARKET STREET.

# GEM Today!

## Performances Start Daily at 1 p. m.

## The Five Reel, World-Renowned, Vitagraph Photoplay "A Million Bid"

This production has had the distinctive honor of having had  
250 consecutive performances at the Vitagraph Theater in New  
York City.  
ANITA STUART, JULIA SWAYNE GORDON, HARRY  
MOREY, CHARLES KENT and GLADDEN JAMES assume  
the leading roles in this wonderful production.

## MUSIC BY GEM ORCHESTRA

### PRICES

ADULTS.....15c  
CHILDREN.....10c

### NO ADVANCE SEAT SALE

**GOLD WATCH GIVEN AWAY**  
**TUESDAY NIGHT. SAVE**  
**COUPONS**

### ERRORS COSTLY

And Maysville Lost To Chillicothe Yes-  
terday By the Score of 5 to 0.—  
Cubs Could Not Hit in Pinches.

The Babes made it three out of four  
yesterday by shutting out the Burley  
Cubs by the score of 4 to 0.

Southpaw Utrecht was on the mound  
and pitched a nice game, but errors at  
critical times, coupled with the rotten  
umpiring of Kuhn, lost the game for the  
locals.

Goshorn of the Babes was touched up  
for eight hits, three of them for extra  
bases, but he was invincible with men  
on bases and kept his hits widely scat-  
tered.

Chillicothe made their first run in the  
1st when Corbin knocked one over  
Utrecht's head for a base and went to  
second on his bad peg to first and scored  
on Parmelee's triple.

The Babes made another tally in the  
sixth. With one down Nesser got a  
double, his first hit here during the pres-  
ent series. Eisel singled scoring Nes-  
ser. Houtz forced Eisel. Talbott singled.

Friend grounded out.  
Chillicothe made it unanimous in the  
eighth by securing three more runs.  
Shovlin doubled. Nesser was out at  
first. Eisel was safe on Dietrich's er-  
ror. Shovlin scoring. Houtz fanned.

Talbott, Friend and Goshorn singled.  
Eisel scoring. Corbin was safe when  
chapman dropped Emery's throw. Tal-  
bott scoring. Parmelee forced Corbin.

In the last half of the ninth with  
Dietrich on first and one out the rain  
seceded in torrents and the game was  
called.

box score follows:

CHILICOTHE	ABR	H	P	O	A	E
bin, rf	5	1	2	5	0	0
malee, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	1
tin, 2b	5	1	1	2	4	0
ib	4	1	1	1	3	0
if	5	1	1	0	0	0
z, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
ott, c	4	1	2	3	1	0
nd, ss	3	0	1	0	5	0
orn, p	4	0	0	0	3	0

OTALS.....38 5 9\*25 14 1  
e out, game called on account of  
in.

YSVILLE ABR H P O A E

gman, lb	4	0	1	1	3	2
ry, ss	4	0	0	2	3	1
oran, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
is, 3b	4	0	2	0	1	1
is, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Montgomery, lf	4	0	1	4	0	0
Dietrich, 2b	3	0	0	1	3	1

Mace, c	3	0	0	3	1	0
Utrecht, p	3	0	2	3	3	1

TOTALS.....33 0 8 27 13 5  
Innings.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
Chillicothe.....0 0 1 0 0 1 0 3 0—5  
Maysville.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 x—0

Summary: Two base hits—Mont-  
gomery, Nesser, Ellis, Shovlin. Three base  
hits—Parmelee, Utrecht. Sacrifice hit  
—Parmelee. Stolen base—Shovlin.  
Base on balls—Off Goshorn, 1. Off  
Utrecht, 2. Struck out—By Goshorn, 3;  
by Utrecht, 4. Left on bases—Chilli-  
cothe, 9; Maysville, 8. Double plays—  
Emery to Dietrich to Chapman. First  
to Chapman. First base on errors—  
Chillicothe, 5; Maysville, 1. Time—  
1:40. Umpire—Kuhn.

### RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

El Sanford has been sold to the De  
Moines, Ia., club in the Western League  
and will report at once.

Maysville left last night for Char-  
leston where they play three games, re-  
turning home Monday for three games  
with Huntington and four with Charles-  
ton.

Harvey Utrecht returned to Newport  
this morning to stay until Monday. Har-  
vey had a big day at bat yesterday, get-  
ting a single and a triple out of three  
times at bat.

Johnny Shovlin of the Babes is un-  
doubtedly the best second sacker in the  
league. He covers a wide of ground  
and yesterday robbed several of the  
Cubs out of what seemed sure hits.

In sixteen times at bat during the  
present series old man Nesser made just  
one hit which will give him a batting  
average of .063 for the four games—and  
he's supposed to be the hardest hitter  
in the league, too.

In the series just closed with Chilli-  
cothe, Maysville has made only three  
runs, while the Babes made eleven. It  
is little wonder that Maysville lost the  
majority of the games with such small  
scores. Chillicothe now has the best  
bunch of hurlers in the league and they  
should easily forge to the front unless  
some serious accident befalls some of  
their star players.

William Jennings Bryan has declared  
for woman suffrage.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Shipley are  
visiting in the country. Mr. Shipley is  
feeling better for the change.

### RIVER NEWS.

Guage marks 4.7 and rising.  
In the Cincinnati district the Ohio  
River will rise slowly in the lower por-  
tion and be about stationary in the up-  
per portion Thursday night and Friday.

### WEATHER REPORT

**THUNDERSTORMS TODAY AND**  
**FAIR SATURDAY.**

### MAYSVILLE PRODUCE MARKET

Following are this morning's quo-  
tations on country produce, telephoned at  
9 o'clock by the E. L. Manchester Pro-  
duce Company:

Eggs	.....16½
Butter	.....15c
Old Hens	.....13c
Spring chickens	.....20c
Old roosters	.....6c
Turkeys	.....12c

### CINCINNATI MARKETS

**Live Stock.**  
Cincinnati, July 16.—Receipts for the  
past 24 hours are as follows: Cattle,  
603; hogs, 2922; sheep, 7350.  
Cattle—Market was quiet and about  
steady. Shippers \$7.75@8.75, extra  
\$8.85@9.25, butcher steers, extra \$8.25  
@8.40, butcher steers, good to choice  
\$7@8.15, common to fair \$5.25@6.50,  
heifers, extra \$8.25@8.50, good to choice  
\$7.50@8.15.  
Bulls—Strong. Bologna \$5.75@6.75,  
fat bulls \$6.50@7.  
Milk cows—Steady.  
Calves—Opened steady, closing weak  
and 25c lower. Extra \$10.50, few fancy  
\$10.75, fair to good \$7.50@10.25, com-  
mon and large \$5@10.  
Hogs—Market strong at yesterday's  
prices. Selected heavy shippers \$9.05,  
good to choice packers and butchers \$9  
@9.05, mixed packers \$8.95@9, stags \$5  
@7.  
Sheep—Weak to 10c lower. Extra  
light \$4.65, good to choice \$4.25@4.60,  
common to fair \$2.75@4.15, heavy sheep  
\$3.50@4.  
Lambs—15@25c lower. Extra \$8.75  
@8.85, good to choice \$8.25@8.75, com-  
mon to fair \$5.50@8.

**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING**  
**WANTED.**  
WANTED—Ladies to sew at home, \$10  
and over weekly. Work sent pre-  
paid. King Mfg. Co., 1431 Broadway,  
New York City.  
HAS MOVED—Woo Jun, proprietor of  
the Chinese laundry in Market street  
on account of premises to be torn  
down has moved to 149 E. Third St.,  
adjoining the Donovan corner. All  
laundry called for and delivered.  
WOO JUN. Jy9-1m  
WANTED—A home by a woman with a  
three month's old child; country pre-  
ferred. Call at Mrs. Parker's on  
Short street.  
WANTED—Position by a boy 17 years  
old. Call phone 411-W.  
WANTED—A good wash woman. Ap-  
ply to Mrs. R. L. Benn, East Second  
street.  
**FOR SALE.**  
FOR SALE—Refrigerator. See Joe  
Marshall, Fire Company No. 1. 11 1c  
**FOR RENT.**  
FOR RENT—Flat of four rooms with  
steam heat, water and gas on first  
floor. Rent reasonable to family with-  
out children. Mrs. H. O. Gray, East  
Fourth street. 15-6t  
FOR RENT—Cottage of four rooms.  
Apply to Mrs. Wm. Lally, Lindsay  
St., or Leonard & Lally, Market street  
FOR RENT—Unfurnished room with  
bath. Call phone 494.  
**LOST.**  
LOST—Crocheted hand bag, containing  
\$5 bill, some change and street car  
tickets. Return to this office and re-  
ceive reward.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### FERN LEAF.

New life has taken hold of farmers  
and crops since the rain.

Our pikes are somewhat rough since  
the rock crusher made a trip to this  
neighborhood.

Mr. Conrad has moved his thrasher to  
another neighborhood.

Miss Lucy Bullock was a week-end  
visitor at Mrs. McIntyre's last week.

Miss Dimmitt Haughaboo visited at  
Moranburg the first of this week.

Miss Pearl Smith is visiting Miss  
Lynda Jones this week.

Mrs. Charles Jones entertained a num-  
ber of relatives from Dover Saturday  
and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Casner have re-  
turned to their home in Newport.

### GERMANTOWN

Born, July 12, to the wife of W. L.  
Woodward, a daughter.

Clay Dennis, wife and children came  
out from Maysville Tuesday for a visit  
at the home of Charles Galbraith.

Miss Nita Pepper is visiting relatives  
and friends at Paris, Lexington and  
other points in Central Kentucky.

Miss Bernice Pollock and brother,  
Sammy, of Pewee valley, are being en-  
tertained by Maurice Browning and  
wife.

The friends of Colonel M. S. McLain  
will regret to learn that he has been

confined to his home by illness for the  
past few days.

This section was blessed with a good  
rain Monday afternoon and night, which  
will prove of material benefit to grow-  
ing crops. This was the first rain in  
five weeks.

T. F. Tyler and wife left Wednesday  
for Louisville, where they will spend  
some time as the guests of their daugh-  
ter, Mrs. J. T. Brown.

As soon as it was light Tuesday morn-  
ing, after the clouds had cleared away,  
many of our people got busy and made  
new gardens.

### CARRANZA TIPPED FOR PRESI- DENT OF MEXICO.

Washington, July 16.—Francisco Car-  
bajal, successor to General Huerta as  
Provisional President of Mexico, today  
advised the United States Government  
informally that he intended to retire  
in favor of General Carranza, the Con-  
stitutionalists chief. Senor Carbajal  
wishes only that a general amnesty  
be declared and protection given to the  
property of those who have been oppo-  
sed to the Constitutionalists.

### Our Colored Citizens.

James Jackson leaves for Louisville  
tomorrow.

The Art Department of the Civic Im-  
provement club, will meet this after-  
noon with Mrs. Florence Harris in  
Fifth street.

# Announcement!

## The ELECTRIC COTTAGE

Will Be Open to the Public

## EVERY DAY, 1 to 9 p. m!

You Are Cordially Invited to Come  
and Make Yourself at Home at

**The Electric Cottage,**  
**The Electric Bungalow**  
**910 East Second Street**

**MAYSVILLE GAS CO.**



**M**AYBE it is an old fashioned  
idea this notion of putting all  
the value possible into the car  
itself—and as little as possible  
into overhead expense—

But it has given the Paige a posi-  
tively dominant position among  
cars of medium price—

Ample capital for operating pur-  
poses—no bonded indebtedness—  
no excessive capitalization—no  
heavy overhead of any kind to be  
paid for.

Just a full dollar of car value for  
every dollar of the selling price.

Is it any wonder that the Paige is  
going to be oversold again this  
year in spite of increased produc-  
tion?

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

**Central Garage Co.,**  
Maysville, Ky.

